

A Blur of Echoes

Let's forget everything we know to be true about you and me. Let's just say you were born that day. We'll say you splashed into my hands on a salty wave and I licked you clean, sucked the ocean from your lungs. Let's say I lifted you, laid you on your mother's belly, where you squirmed and dreamed like a little idol. Can we remember it that way? Please. The way her hands looked like wings as she pulled you to her breast, wept on your face. You woke up and stretched your jaw with a yawn that shattered the window in the room, cracked open the ceiling the roof of our house and we were covered with snow. You remember, don't you, snow falling all day long? Warm snow, deep snow and the shards of glass and the glisten of your brand new breath in the air.

Let's say you crawled you walked you continued to shout at the sky. You ate enormous quantities of oatmeal. Your breath became brown sugar. Like your big brother you sang and sometimes hummed yourself to sleep. Like your big brother you darkened under the sun. You tugged at his flowing yellow hair, you followed him everywhere. He was glad you were there most of the time. Like your mother you shaped the earth with your hands. You drew pictures. You remember, don't you? We covered the walls. Birds mostly.

Let's remember it that way. Let's say my shoulder does not still wait for you to arrive. Your face and closed eyes do not look in at me through every window. For me, each fall of snow is not beautiful and somehow dead. I do not gasp awake and shake in my bed certain that I hear you humming. My night is not filled with sounds. My night is not a blur of echoes. I do not separate them out one by one, try to narrow them down to something I can name. Birds mostly.

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